





COLDWELL, DARY!  
SNAP OUT OF IT!



COLDWELL, DARY!

O.K., YOUNGSTUN  
— I'M — STILL —  
— WITH —  
— YOU!

THANK, MERRIAM! I THOUGHT  
YOU'D HAD IT!



WELL, SIR, I'VE EXPLORED THIS AREA, SIR.  
— THERE'S A CATARACT, WITH A NEARBY  
POOL. DROP IN TO A JAGGED ROCK, JUST  
DOWN THERE!

IT'LL BE A CLOSE  
THING WITH THIS CURRENT-  
PULLER. — BUT YOU GOT  
TO TRY IT!



YOU STAY PUT! IF  
I MAKE IT, I'LL FIND  
SOME WAY OF GETTING  
YOU OFF, TOO



GOOD  
LUCK, SIR!

WELL, DARY DARY SUCCEEDED IN REACHING  
THE BANK — OR MUST HE BE CARRIED  
OVER THE ROCKING PILL — TO BE CARRIED  
NO FEELS ON THE ROCK. REASON? COULD  
WASHERS WOULD BE POWERFUL, BRUCCO!



WELCOME  
TO THE WORLD OF  
**MALIBU**

SPORT

Eagle - 11th July 1956 Vol. 7 No. 28

Dan Dare - Rogue Planet

Scanned by Malibu Guy @ 150 DPI

# JEFF ARNOLD in RIDERS OF THE RANGE



## THE HOODED MENACE

Jeff Arnold, a red-tailed hawk in a human's clothing, lives where the three armed forces of the West meet: the law, the lawless, and the lawless. In a nation of lawlessness, he is the "Hooded Menace." He is the only one who can see the lawless men's eyes. Jeff goes to them to save them from the lawless. He is the only one who can see the lawless men's eyes. Jeff goes to them to save them from the lawless.

STORY BY JEFFREY LARSEN  
ART BY JAY JAYS



COLLEGE IT - HE'S GOT A KNUVE TOO!

DON'T GET IT WORRY YOU - TELL US FIRST ABOUT THEM! WE'VE GOT TO GO TO GET SOME THINGS TO USE OUR TEN-GUNSHOTS - YOU'VE WAITING!



I GIVE YOU TEN MINUTES TO SHOW YOUR GUNS! YOU'VE GOT OUT OF TOWN!



WHEN SHALL YOU SHOW YOUR GUNS AND YOUR DEEDS, MEN?



YOU'VE GOT TO SHOW YOUR GUNS! WE'VE GOT TO GO TO GET SOME THINGS TO USE OUR TEN-GUNSHOTS - YOU'VE WAITING!



YOU'VE GOT TO SHOW YOUR GUNS! WE'VE GOT TO GO TO GET SOME THINGS TO USE OUR TEN-GUNSHOTS - YOU'VE WAITING!



Red Hickey and his companions, men of violence, give Jeff's warning - and the fight is on.



GET HIM, JIM! HE'S THE LAST OF MY BROTHERS!



Jeff's use of throwing himself to the ground, and his rapid rise of his, quickly gain him to the ground...



I'm just warning you! (Loudly) DO YOU WANT TO SHOW YOUR GUNS? WE'VE GOT TO GO TO GET SOME THINGS TO USE OUR TEN-GUNSHOTS - YOU'VE WAITING!



THAT'S RIGHT, MEN! SHOW YOUR GUNS! WE'VE GOT TO GO TO GET SOME THINGS TO USE OUR TEN-GUNSHOTS - YOU'VE WAITING!



THAT'S RIGHT, MEN! SHOW YOUR GUNS! WE'VE GOT TO GO TO GET SOME THINGS TO USE OUR TEN-GUNSHOTS - YOU'VE WAITING!

WE'VE GOT TO GO TO GET SOME THINGS TO USE OUR TEN-GUNSHOTS - YOU'VE WAITING!

CONTINUED





# BRITISH BIRDS

by George  
Carnegie

THE FINCH  
FAMILY



The Bullfinch

IN THE BIRD WORLD, THE RED BULLFINCH IS ONE OF THE MOST COMMON BIRDS — ESPECIALLY IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND. THE BULLFINCH IS A SMALL BIRD, ABOUT 10 CM LONG, WITH A BROWN BACK AND A RED BREAST. IT IS A VERY COMMON BIRD IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND, BUT IT IS RARE IN THE SOUTH.



GOLDFINCH

THE GOLDFINCH IS A COMMON BIRD IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND, BUT IT IS RARE IN THE SOUTH. IT IS A SMALL BIRD, ABOUT 10 CM LONG, WITH A BROWN BACK AND A RED BREAST. IT IS A VERY COMMON BIRD IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND, BUT IT IS RARE IN THE SOUTH.



CHAFFINCH



CHAFFINCH

THE CHAFFINCH IS ONE OF THE MOST COMMON BIRDS IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND, BUT IT IS RARE IN THE SOUTH. IT IS A SMALL BIRD, ABOUT 10 CM LONG, WITH A BROWN BACK AND A RED BREAST. IT IS A VERY COMMON BIRD IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND, BUT IT IS RARE IN THE SOUTH.

## FRY'S TUCK SHOP

More  
for your  
money!

2<sup>o</sup> 4<sup>d</sup>

4<sup>o</sup>

3<sup>o</sup>

3<sup>o</sup>

4<sup>o</sup>

3<sup>o</sup>










# THE GREAT SAILOR

the life story of  
HORATIO NELSON

Horatio Nelson, born in the year 1758 and the son of the Baron of Burnham Thorpe, Norfolk, the school he went to in order to join the navy of his uncle, Captain Goring. You can see Horatio's ship in the background, which was the *Minerva* of the Channel. Young Nelson went to school in London before setting off on his last stage of his journey to the navy.

© 2008 Nelson Thornes Ltd. All rights reserved.



AT A HOUSE IN LONDON YOUNG HORATIO PUT IN A REQUEST FOR A COMMISSION FOR THE ROYAL NAVY.



THE BELMONT THE IN EVERYTHING FITS

PERFECTLY COME ALONG NOW, WE MUST MEET THE CHANCELLOR



TO GOVERN AND GOVERN THE CHANCELLOR



WELL, AND YOU'VE GOT TO BE A SAILOR. YOU'VE MADE YOUR CHOICE. AND NOW YOU'VE GOT TO GO TO OCEAN TO IT!



I'M GOING TO SEA—I'M GOING TO SEA—I CAN HEAR THE SOUNDS OF THE COAST



WELL, AND YOU'VE GOT TO BE A SAILOR. YOU'VE MADE YOUR CHOICE. AND NOW YOU'VE GOT TO GO TO OCEAN TO IT!



WHAT IS THIS? I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T KNOW.

NO LOW



THESE ARE THE SAILORS. YOU'RE A SAILOR—AND IF YOU WANT TO BE A SAILOR, YOU'VE GOT TO BE A SAILOR.



HELLO! YOU LOOK NERVOUS. ARE YOU LOST?

WELL, AND YOU'VE GOT TO BE A SAILOR. YOU'VE MADE YOUR CHOICE. AND NOW YOU'VE GOT TO GO TO OCEAN TO IT!



I AM A SAILOR. I AM A SAILOR. I AM A SAILOR. I AM A SAILOR. I AM A SAILOR.



YOU THERE! TAKE ME ALONG OUT TO THE HARBOR—AND LOOK BACK ABOUT IT!

WELL, AND YOU'VE GOT TO BE A SAILOR. YOU'VE MADE YOUR CHOICE. AND NOW YOU'VE GOT TO GO TO OCEAN TO IT!

CONTINUED